



LITTLE FOLK'S VERSES.

Choice Verses Suitable for Recitations for Little Folks.





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THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S SPEAKER.

CRADLE HYMN.

DR. WATTS.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed; Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide; And without thy care, or payment, All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle; Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay, When his birthplace was a stable, And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features, Spotless, fair, divinely bright! Must He dwell with brutal creatures? How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger, Wicked sinners could afford To receive the heavenly stranger?

Dared they thus affront the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song might sound too hard; 'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King—
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing!
Lovely infant, how he smiled;
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed!
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
There's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying, Save my dear from burning flame, Bitter groans and endless crying, That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days; Then go dwell forever near Him, See His face, and sing His praise. I could give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire; Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire.

THE BOOK.

A book for me! a book for me!
That is the present I love to see!
For common things I do not care—
Something to eat or something to wear—
That is, I like them, but not for a present,
But oh! a nice book is always pleasant!

In winter 'tis good, by the evening light,
When lessons are done and the fire burns bright,
And the stormy wind outside sounds drear—
To sit and read, with my pussy near;
Papa on one side and mamma on the other,
While close by the table sit sister and brother.

Or in summer, when leaves are whispering sweet, And I carry my book to the shady seat
Where the humming-bird hides himself in the bell
Of the trumpet creeper we love so well—
Oh! then the stories of flowers and birds
Seem to speak my own thoughts as I read the words.

And oh! I do have such pleasant dreams,
And each story I read so real seems!
I can see the fairies and hear them talk,
And angels pacing the garden walk,
And beautiful creatures wherever I look—
Oh, papa—papa—please give me the book!

SPRING VOICES.

"Caw, caw!" says the crow,
"Spring has come again, I know;
For, as sure as I am born,
There's a farmer planting corn.
I shall breakfast there, I trow,
Ere his corn begins to grow."

"Quack, quack!" says the duck,
"Was there ever such good luck?
Spring has cleared this pond of ice
By her magic, in a trice,
Just as Goodman Drake and I
Its smooth surface wished to try."

THE PIGEON.

Coo! coo! pretty pigeon, all day, Coo! coo! to your children and mate; You seem in your soft note to say That you never knew anger or hate.

And thus little children should try
To be civil, and patient, and kind;
And not to be peevish, and cry,
When they cannot have all to their mind.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREASTS AT HOME.

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said:
"Wee-wee-wee-wee-wee-wee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright And shining in the sky; Cock robin said: "My little dears, "Tis time you learned to fly." And all the little young ones said: "We'll try—we'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mamma says do this or that,
She says: "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
If she would say: "I'll try."

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

Jingle, jingle, go the bells;
A right good time have we,
Over the valleys and over the hills,
Dear grandmamma to see.

The day is bright, and away we go
As swift as swift can be,

Over the smoothly trodden snow, Dear grandmamma to see.

And look, do look, for there she stands, Aunt Mary by her side, To welcome us with outstretched hands After our pleasant ride.

And there is George—and Carlo, too!

For they heard the tell-tale bells,
As over the shining road we flew,
And down the slippery hills.

NURSERY SONG.

MRS. CARTER.

As I walked over the hill, one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sheep say—
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet;

With his eye so bright, And his wool so white,

Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight."
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see, But the old gray cat with her kittens three! I heard her whispering soft; said she, "My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled, Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she—
May love their babies exceedingly;

But I love my kittens there, Under the rocking-chair-I love my kittens with all my might. I love them at morning, and noon, and night. Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love, And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove." Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm. While my little darling lies here on my arm. I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen Go clucking about with her chickens ten. She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away, And what do you think I heard the hen say? I heard her say, "The sun never did shine On anything like to these chickens of mine! You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you please, But you never will find ten such chickens as these. My dear downy darlings! my sweet little things! Come nestle now cosily under my wings." So the hen said.

And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

THE MICE.

The merry mice stay in their holes, And hide themselves by day; But when the house is still at night The rogues come out to play.

They climb upon the pantry shelf,
And taste of all they please;
They drink the milk that's set for cream,
And nibble bread and cheese.

But if they chance to hear the cat, Their feast will soon be done; They'll scamper off to hide themselves, As fast as they can run.

Some tiny mice live in the fields, And feed on flies-and corn; And in a pretty hanging nest The little ones are born.

When winter comes, they burrow holes, And line them soft with hay; And while the snow is on the ground, They sleep the time away.

All living creatures like to be
As free as you and I;
They love the fields, the woods and hills,
'They love the sweet blue sky.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

MISS TAYLOR.

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play;
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her;
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For pussy don't like to be worried and teased.

NO ONE EXCUSED.

What if a drop of rain should plead:
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead;
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if the shining beam of noon Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone, Cannot create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form The cool, refreshing shower? And every ray of light to warm And beautify the flower?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Jesus says that we must love him; Helpless as the lambs are we; But he very kindly tells us That our shepherd he will be.

Heavenly Shepherd! please to watch us, Guard us both by night and day; Pity show to little children, Who, like lambs, too often stray.

We are always prone to wander;
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee,
For thy kindness and thy care.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The day is gone, the night is come,
The night for quiet rest;
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go;
Upon the leafless bough
He sang his evening hymn to God,
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive; Shut is the daisy's eye; The stars alone are peeping forth From out the darkened sky.

No, not the stars alone; for God Has heard what I have said; His eye looks on His little child, Kneeling beside its bed.

He kindly hears me thank him now
For all that He has given,
For friends, and books, and clothes, and food;
But most of all, for heaven—

Where I shall go when I am dead,
If truly I do right;
Where I shall meet all those I love
As angels pure and bright.

THANK YOU, PRETTY COW.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made Pleasant milk to soak my bread, Every day and every night, Warm and sweet, and fresh and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank, Growing on the weedy bank; But the yellow cowslips eat, They will make it very sweet!

Where the bubbling water flows, Where the purple violet grows, Where the grass is fresh and fine, Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JESUS SEES YOU.

Little child, when you're at play
Do you know that Jesus sees you?
He it is who made the day,
Sunshine, birds, and flowers to please you.
Oh, then thank him much, and pray
To be grateful every day.

Little child, when you're afraid,
Do you know that Christ is by you?
Seek his care then! He has said:
Ask, and I will not deny you.
And he never fails to hear;
He will keep you—do not fear!

Little child, when you are bad,
Do you think that Jesus knows it?
Yes! and oh, it makes him glad
When you're sorry and disclose it.
Oh! then, tell him quick! and pray
To grow better every day.

SULKY SUSAN.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

Why is Susan standing there, Leaning down upon a chair, With such an angry lip and brow? I wonder what's the matter now!

Come here, my dear, and tell me true, Is it because I spoke to you About the work you'd puckered so, That you this naughty temper show?

Why, then, indeed I'm grieved to see That you can so unlovely be! You make your fault a great deal worse By being angry and perverse.

Oh! how much better 'twould appear To see you shed an humble tear, And then to hear you meekly say: "I'll not do so another day!"

THE PIGEON-HOUSE!

Look! here's a pretty pigeon-house!
In every narrow cell
A pigeon with his little wife
And family may dwell.

Their beds are only made of straw,
The rooms are dark and small,
But many though the pigeons be,
There's room enough for all—

Because they don't dispute and fret
For every little thing,
But live in love and gentlenesss,
At home and on the wing.

How soft and low their cooing sounds,
As each one says "Good-night!"
How cheerful when at early morn
They dress their feathers white.

Then far into the woods and fields
To seek their food they fly,
Returning to their house betimes
When sunset gilds the sky.

THE MONKEY.

See! there's a monkey in the street;
His face looks very old,
And though he wears a little coat,
I think he feels the cold.

His master plays the tambourine, And makes him dance and leap; But when he's tired he carries him And lets him go to sleep.

The monkey's home is far away
In lands across the seas,
And there they live in merry troops
Among the forest trees.

They climb, and play, and spring about,
And gather juicy fruits,
Or on the mossy ground they run
To dig for wholesome roots.

The monkey loves her little one, She holds it on her arm, Or lets it sit upon her back To keep it safe from harm.

Now let us give poor Jack some nuts, He puts them in his cheek, And looks as if he'd ask for more, If he could only speak.

MY LADY WIND.

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And there one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered;
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flared away to Maiden Lane,
And down-town folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find;
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what your friend has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

MADAME TARTINE.

The mighty Lady Bread-and-Butter,
Dwelt in a tower of dainties made;
The walls of pudding crust were fashioned,
The floors with cracknels overlaid.
Sponge cake was her mistress,
Well softened with milk,
Her bed had for curtains
Spun sugar like silk.

Great Master Muffin did she marry,
Whose cloak was made of toasted cheese;
His hat was framed of nicest fritters,
In pie-crust coat he walked at ease.
His chocolate waistcoat
Looked very funny,
With stockings of candy
And slippers of honey.

The fair Angelica, their daughter—
Ah me! what sweets the maid compose!
In truth she was the choicest comfit;
Of toffy is her lovely nose.
I see her arraying
Her gown with such taste!
She decked it with flowers
Of best apple paste.

Young Lemonade, that stately sovereign,
Once came the lady to adore;
Large pendent wreaths of roasted pippins,
Twined in his marmalade locks he wore.
With diadem royal,

Of cakes he was decked, And a circlet of rasins Commanded respect.

A guard of cucumbers and capers
Accompanied the mighty lord;
Their muskets all were charged with pepper,
Of onion peel was every sword
Upon a throne sublime of pancakes
The royal couple proudly sat;
Bonbons were flowing from their pockets,
From morn till eve, and after that.

But wicked fairy Carabossa,
Inspired no doubt by jealous spite,
Just lifted up her ugly hump, and
Upset this palace of delight.

MORAL—by the children.

Some sugar pray give us,
Dear father and mother,
And we'll do our utmost
To build up another.

CHILD'S HYMN.

Hear my prayer, O! Heavenly Father, Ere I lay me down to sleep; Bid Thy angels, pure and holy, Round my bed Thy vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them, every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril, Underneath its boundless shade; Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee, When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience By the span of human thought; None shall bound the tender mercies Which Thy Holy son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions, Give me strength for days to come; Guide and guard me with Thy blessing, Till Thy angels bid me home.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

MRS. LUKE.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said:
"Let the little ones come unto me."

But still, to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare For all that are washed and forgiven;

And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night!" said the plow to the weary old horse; And Dobbin responded, "Good-night!" Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm house he turned, With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox, with a comical bow,
As he turned from the heavy old cart;
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,
Then creaked out, "Good-night, from my heart!"

"Good-night!" said the hen, when her supper was done, To Fanny, who stood in the door;

"Good-night!" answered Fanny, "come back in the morn, And you and your chicks shall have more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck, "I wish you all well, Though I cannot tell what is polite."

"The will for the deed," answered Benny the brave; "Good-night, Madame Ducky, good-night!"

The geese were parading the beautiful green, But the goslings were wearied out quite; So, shutting their peepers, from under the wing, They murmured a sleepy "good-night!"

Now the shades of evening were gathering apace, And fading the last gleam of light; So to father and mother, both Fanny and Ben Gave a kiss, and a hearty "Good-night!"

WATER.

How wonderful is water,
Though we see it every day!
It's clear as air, and useful
For more than I can say.

It's very good for drinking,
It helps the ships to sail;
It falls from clouds in raining,
And in the snow and hail.

What could we do without it?

No trees or grass could grow;
And we should all be thirsty,
And know not where to go.

The oceans would be valleys
That never could be passed;
No clouds would come to shade us,
And the earth would be a waste.

How good a thing is water,
To every thirsty child!
Strong drink will make men angry,
This makes us calm and mild.

It tastes the best of all things
When we are warm or dry;
And if we're not, we should not drink;
There is no reason why.

THE POND AND THE BROOK.

"Neighbor Brook," said the Pond, one day, "Why do you flow so fast away? Sultry June is hastening on, And then your water will all be gone."

"Nay, my friend," the Brook replied, "Do not thus my conduct chide; Shall I rather hoard than give? Better die than useless live."

Summer came, and blazing June Dried the selfish Pond full soon; Not a single trace was seen Where it had so lately been.

But the Brook with vigor flowed Swift along its pebbly road, And the fragrant flowers around Loved to hear the happy sound.

WORK AND PLAY.

Work while you work, Play while you play, That is the way To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do, Do with your might; Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless, Trifled away; So work while you work, Play while you play.

MY GARDEN.

C. W. SANDERS.

My little garden is the spot Where I delight to be; There is no place, where'er I go, That is so dear to me.

My little garden ever yields
The sweetest fruits and flowers,
'Tis here I labor through the day,
And spend my evening hours.

I plant, and prune, and water it,
With diligence and care;
That every plant, and shrub, and tree,
Abundant fruit may bear.

There's not a flower of brilliant hue,
In woodland or in fields
That can outvie in colors bright
The flowers my garden yields.

My garden e'er affords to me Some profit and pursuit; 'Tis here I cull the sweetest flowers, And taste the richest fruit.

Then in my garden let me toil,
And spend my moments there;
For what my labor has produced,
I ever find most dear.

KITTEN GOSSIP.

T. WESTWOOD.

Kitten, kitten, two months old, Woolly snowball, lying snug, Curled up in the warmest fold Of the warm hearth-rug, Turn your drowsy head this way. What is Life? Oh, kitten, say!

"Life?" said the kitten, winking her eyes, And twitching her tail in a droll surprise— "Life? Oh, it's racing over the floor, Out at the window and in at the door.

Now on the chairback, now on the table,
'Mid balls of cotton and skeins of silk,
And crumbs of sugar and jugs of milk,
All so cozy and comfortable.
It's patting the little dog's ears, and leaping
Round him and over him while he's sleeping—
Waking him up in a sore affright,
Then off and away like a flash of light,
Scouring and scampering out of sight.
Life? Oh, it's rolling over and over
On the summer-green turf and budding clover;

Chasing the shadows as fast as they run, Down the garden paths in the mid-day sun, Prancing and gamboling, brave and bold, Climbing the tree stems; scratching the mold, That's life!" said the kitten two months old.

Kitten, kitten, come sit on my knee,
And lithe and listen, kitten, to me;
One by one, oh! one by one,
The sly, swift shadows sweep over the sun—
Daylight dieth, and kittenhood's done.
And, kitten, oh! the rain and the wind!
For cathood cometh, with careful mind,
And grave cat-duties follow behind.
Hark! there's a sound you cannot hear;
I'll whisper its meaning in your ear:

Mice!

(The kitten stared with her great green eyes, And twitched her tail in a queer surprise)—

Mice!

No more tit-bits dainty and nice;
No more mischief and no more play;
But watching by night and sleeping by day,
Prowling wherever the foe doth lurk—
Very short commons and very sharp work.
And kitten, oh! the hail and the thunder—
That's a blackish cloud, but a blacker's under.
Hark! but you'll fall from my knee I fear—
When I whisper that awful word in your ear—

R-r-r-rats!

(The kitten's heart beat with great pit-pats, But her whiskers quivered, and from their sheath Flashed out the sharp, white, pearly teeth.)

R-r-r-rats!

The scorn of dogs, but the terror of cats; The cruelest foes and the fiercest fighters; The sauciest thieves and the sharpest biters. But, kitten, I see you've a stoutish heart, So, courage! and play an honest part;

Use well your paws,
And strengthen your claws,
And sharpen your teeth and stretch your jaws—
Then woe to the tribes of pickers and stealers,
Nibblers and gnawers, and evil dealers!
But now that you know Life's not precisely
The thing your fancy pictured so nicely,
Off and away! race over the floor,
Out of the window, and in at the door;
Roll in turf and bask in the sun,
Ere night-time cometh, and kittenhood's done.

"WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NESTS?"

"To whit! To whit! To whee! Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo, oo! Such a thing I'd never do, I gave you a wisp of hay, But didn't take your nest away. Not I," said the cow, "Moo, oo! Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! To whit! To whee! Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made."

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link, Now what do you think? Who stole a nest away From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow wow! I wouldn't be so mean, I vow, I gave hairs the nest to make, But the nest I didn't take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow wow! I wouldn't be so mean, I vow."

"To whit! To whit! To wheel Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link! Now what do you think? Who stole a nest away From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo! Let me speak a word, too. Who stole that pretty nest From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the sheep, "oh no!"
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! To whit! To whee! Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link! Now what do you think? Who stole a nest away From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo coo! Coo coo! Coo coo! Let me speak a word, too. Who stole the pretty nest From the little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

"We all gave her a feather, And she wove them together. I'd scorn to intrude On her and her brood; "Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen, "Don't ask me again."

"Chir-a whir! Chir-a whir! We will make a great stir! Let us find out his name, And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird," Said little Mary Green; "I think I never heard Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too," Said Little Alice Neal;

"I wonder if he knew How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head, And went and hid behind the bed; For he stole that pretty nest From poor little yellow-breast; And he felt so full of shame, He did not like to tell his name.

BESSIE BELL.

"Dear mother, why do all the girls
Love little Bessie Bell?
I've often thought it o'er and o'er,
And yet I cannot tell.
My favorite cousin always was
Dear, gentle Cousin Bess;
But why the girls all love her so,
Indeed I cannot guess.

"She's not so pretty, half, as Kate.
Her hair don't curl like mine;
Candies and cakes she never brings
To school, like Caroline.
She has no garden large and fine,
Like Amy, Grace, and Jane;
No coach, like Rose, to take us home,
When falls the snow or rain."

"They hear her gentle voice, my child,
And see her mild, soft eye,
Beaming around on every one
With love and sympathy.
They see her striving every hour
For others' happiness;

These are some reasons why the girls So love dear little Bess.

"Her widowed mother's heart she cheers
By love and tenderness,
And by her daily walk with God,
And growth in holiness.
Sweet Bessie is a Christian child,
She loves the Saviour dear;
One of the lambs of His own flock,
She has no want or fear.

"Money which other children spend
In candies, toys, and cake,
She carries to the poor and sick—
She loves them for Christ's sake.
Poor old blind Dinah down the lane,
She reads to every day,
And ne'er forgets it—though dear Bess
Is very fond of play.

"And now, my little daughter dear,
Would you be loved like Bess?
Go, ask of God to change your heart
From pride and sinfulness.
Better than beauty, rank, or gold,
To be like little Bess,
Clothed in the spotless garment
Of the Saviour's righteousness."

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, 'I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up;'

How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

"Suppose the glistening dew-drops
Upon the grass should say,
'What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away;'
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

"Suppose the little breezes
Upon a summer's day
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

"How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love."

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and Daisies— Oh! the pretty flowers! Coming ere the spring-time, To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health,
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies,
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups,
Welcome, Daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the spring-time
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

THE PEACOCK.

Come, come, Mr. Peacock, you must not be proud, Although you can boast such a train; For there's many a bird more highly endowed, Not half so conceited and vain.

Remember, gay bird, that a suit of fine clothes
Is a sorry distinction at most;
And seldom much valued, excepting by those
Who only such graces can boast.

The nightingale certainly wears a plain coat,
But he cheers and delights with his song;
While you, though so vain, cannot utter a note
To please by the use of your tongue.

The eagle can't boast of a plumage so gay, But more piercing the glance of his eye; And while you are strutting about all the day, He gallantly soars in the sky.

The dove may be clad in a plainer attire;
But is she thus selfish and cold?
Her love and affection more pleasure inspire,
Than all your fine purple and gold.

Thus you see, Mr. Peacock, you must not be proud,
Although you can boast such a train;
For many a bird is more highly endowed
And not half so conceited and vain.

THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL.

Susie's home was neat and cleanly,

Though 'twas poor, and plain, and small;
On the floor there was no carpet,

Not a picture on the wall.

In one corner stood the bedstead,
In another was the tub,
Where from morn till weary evening,
Her poor mother, rub, dub, dub,

Toiled away with patient spirit,
Susie's daily bread to earn;
Teaching lessons of endurance,
Which more favored ones might learn.

Once with lime, and pail, and brushes,
Forth to labor she had gone;
Leaving Susie with her kitten
And her playthings all alone.

Susie to their tiny mirror, Climbing, saw her ebon face; But she hid it with her fingers, As if 'twere some deep disgrace.

"Oh, why was it," sadly murmuring, Susie asked herself aloud, "When God made white children's faces, Over mine he spread a cloud?

"No one loves me; naughty children Laugh when'er I go along; And rude boys are always singing In mine ear some negro song.

"I don't love to sit at school, With the children white and fair; For it makes my face look blacker; And more crisp my woolly hair.

"Scrub and comb! and comb and scrub! I've Tried to grow white many a day, But my poor face still is colored, And my hair will not this way!

"I don't think that God can love me—Yet I'm sure he loves my mother;
How I wish I was not born,
Or was dead like my poor brother!"

Now poor Chloe, meek and patient, Weary from her labor come, Hears these words impatient, sounding Through her cheerful little room.

"Susie! Susie!" cried she sadly,
"Many a colored child to-day,
Toiling in the rice and cotton,
Torn from mother far away,

"Would be happy as that blackbird Singing gayly on you tree, If she had your joys and blessings— If she only could be free!

"We are God's, and he has made us Just as pleased himself the best, He will give us all things needful, Let us leave with Him the rest.

"Soon, my child, if we obey Him, We shall go to dwell above, Where His own of every color Share alike a Father's love."

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee.

And he heard a robin singing
In a tree, so tall and high;
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying, In the very tree-top there; 'Glory! glory!' it is saying, And that is all its prayer.

"But God will surely hear him, And the angels standing by, For God is very near him, Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer To robin in the tree, And does not hear him clearer Than he does you and me.

"For he hears the angels harping In sunbright glory drest, And the little birdlings chirping Within their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me Away down in the dark, And leave no lamp beside me, Would God then have to hark?

"And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little lisper, God's light is never dim; The very lowest whisper Is always close to him."

Now the robin's song was filling
The child's soul full of bliss;
The very air was trilling
When his mamma told him this.

And he wished in childish craving,
For the robin's wings, to fly;
To sing on tree-tops waving,
So very near the sky.

FATHER IS COMING.

MARY HOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The wild night wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace, He's stronger than the storm; He does not feel the cold, not he, His heart it is so warm; For father's heart is stout and true As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light; Would all men were the same! So ready to be pleased, so kind, So very slow to blame! Folks need not be unkind, austere, For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say, he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming, by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares!
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now;
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

Not a True Story.

MARY HOWITT.

"Arise! my maiden Mabel,"

Her mother said: "Arise!

For the golden sun of midsummer

Is shining in the skies.

"Arise! my little Mabel,

For thou must speed away,

To wait upon thy grandmother

This livelong summer day.

"And thou must carry with thee This wheaten cake so fine; This new-made pat of butter, And this little flask of wine.

"And tell the dear old body,
This day I cannot come;
For the good-man went out yester-morn,
And he has not come home.

"And more than all this, poor Amy Upon my knee doth lie; I fear me, with this fever-pain The little child will die.

"And thou canst help thy grandmother,
The table thou canst spread;
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

"Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother-ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"And thou canst fetch the water From the lady-well hard by; And thou canst gather from the wood The fagots brown and dry.

"But listen now, my Mabel, This is midsummer day, When all the fairy people From elf-land come away.

"And when thou art in the lonesome glen, Keep by the running burn; And do not pluck the strawberry flower, Nor break the lady-fern.

"But think not of the fairy folk, Lest mischief should befall; Think only of poor Amy, And how thou lovest us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer,
If they should speak to thee.

"And when unto the fir-wood Thou goest for fagots brown, Do not, like idle children, Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies Who in the wood abide; So be thou careful of this thing, Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel, Whilst thou art in the wood, Of dwarfish, willful brownies, But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring,
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offense.

"For the queen of all the fairies
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there, myself,
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

"Now, all this I will heed, mother, Will no word disobey; And wait upon the grandmother This livelong summer day."

Away tripped little Mabel,
With her wheaten cakes so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot And summer mist had cleared, Beside the good old grandmother, The willing child appeared. And all her mother's message She told with right good-will; How that the father was away And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean, And then the table spread; And next she fed the dog and bird, And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day—
Thou know'st the lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went Nothing at all saw she, Except a bird, a sky-blue bird, Upon a leafy tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well, a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A courtesy low made Mabel, And then she stooped to fill Her pitcher from the sparkling spring, But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilt a drop, nor yet
The fair stream troubled.

"And for this thing which thou hast done, Yet mayst not understand, I give to thee a better gift Than houses or than land. "Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus, having said, she passed from sight, And naught could Mabel see But the little bird, the sky-blue bird, Upon the leafy tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;
All in the neighboring fir-wood,
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind good Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down, Nor yet a live branch pull; But steadily, of the fallen boughs, She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence as she was told,
With home-thoughts sweet and kind.

But all the while the brownies
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh! but she is small and neat,"
Said one; "Twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite."

"Look only," said another,
"At her little gown of blue,
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe."

"Oh! but she is a comely child,"
Said a third, "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day,
Seeing she broke no living bough,
No live thing did affray."

With that, the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path
Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up, The fairy penny good; And with her fagots dry and brown, Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever dear,
"Twill buy her clothes of the very best
For many and many a year."

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew;
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe."

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling streams,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to the lonesome glen She kept beside the burn, And neither plucked the strawberry flower Nor broke the lady-fern.

And while she milked the mother-ewe,
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy folk
Were gathered all around.

And then she heard a little voice, Shrill as a midge's wing, That spake aloud: "A human child Is here, yet mark this thing.

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry flower unta'en;
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy-cake," said one,
"Grant her a wish," said three,
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be."

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake, And from the lonesome glen Unto the good old grandmother, Went gladly back again.

Thus it happened to Mabel, On that midsummer-day, And these three fairy blessings She took with her away. 'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind.
'Tis good, like little Mable,
To have a willing mind.

THE ROBIN.

There came to my window, one morning in spring, A sweet little robin; she came there to sing; The tune that she sang, it was prettier far Than ever was heard on the flute or guitar.

Her wings she was spreading, to soar far away; Then resting a moment, seemed sweetly to say— "Oh, happy, how happy this world seems to be! Awake, little girl, and be happy with me."

But just as she finished her beautiful song, A thoughtless young man with his gun came along; He killed and he carried my robin away; She'll never more sing at the break of the day!

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small— The oak tree and the cedar tree, Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine Requireth none to grow; Nor doth it need the lotus-flower To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain, And nightly dews might fall, And herb that keepeth life in man Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light—
All fashioned for supremest grace—
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low, And on the mountains high, And in the silent wilderness, Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not— Then wherefore had they birth? To minister delight to man, To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope, Whene'er his faith is dim; For who so careth for the flowers Will much more care for him!

THE NEW DOLL.

Dear doll, how I love you!
Your form is so fair,
Your eyes are like diamonds,
And curly your hair;

I never get weary
Of seeing your face;
And you are so lovely,
I call you "Miss Grace."

My kind mamma bought you
One day at a fair,
All dressed out so gayly,
And wrapped up with care.
She gave me a work-box,
Cloth, scissors, and thread,
To make tiny sheets
For your neat little bed.

Here's silk for your dresses,
And ribbons to trim;
I'll make you as fine as
My wax "Dolly Prim."
My mamma loves order,
So, Gracie, you see
If I don't keep my work-box
As neat as can be.

No silk shall be raveled,
No spool shall be lost;
I'll obey her, no matter
What labor it cost!
I'll take tiny stitches,
And hem every skirt;
Nor scollop with scissors,
Like wild Kitty Flirt!

And thus I'll be learning
To make my own clothes,
And help mamma sew
For our sweet baby Rose.
For mind you, Miss Gracie,

I sha'n't always play With dolls; I hope I'll be A tall woman some day.

Then I hope to make garments
Much larger than these;
Warm hoods, gowns, and cloaks,
That the poor may not freeze;
And then, if I'm asked where
I got all my skill,
I'll tell them 'twas making
Your dress, cloak, and frill!

SONG FOR MAY MORNING.

Wake, sister, wake, for the sun is up; How can you be thus delaying? The dew is still in the harebell's cup, And 'tis time to go a-Maying.

I'll throw up the window, the air is sweet
As the breath of a rose just born;
And see how the hills and meadows greet
The smiles of the first May morn.

I'm dressed and ready—come, sister dear,
For the birds are caroling loud;
And the sky is soft, and blue, and clear,
And there isn't a speck of a cloud.

And hark! I hear from their chamber door, Our brothers come slyly creeping; But I'll tell them I was up before, And you have just done sleeping. Look! There they stand at the gate below,
And only for us are staying.

Are you ready yet? Oh! now we'll go
In the pleasant fields a-Maying.

A MAGIC WORD.

There's a little word
I have often heard,
And it bears a magic spell;
It is sweet and clear
To the listening ear,
As the sound of a tinkling bell;
Would you travel the road to honor,
You must practice its teachings well.

On the roll of fame
'Twill inscribe your name
In letters of shining light;
Whate'er you will,
Perform with skill,
So wonderful is its might;
However dark the present,
It can make the future bright.

And better than this,
It will lead to bliss,
And a beauteous home on high;
If uttered with prayer,
It will banish despair,
And bring a blessing nigh;
Then ever praying and trusting,
Remember the simple word, "Try."

ARTHUR'S BEDTIME.

The birds are all gone to their nest,

The baby is safe in his bed,

And the sun has sunk down in the west.

In curtains of purple and red.

The butterflies folded their wings
On the flowers an hour ago,
And only the nightingale sings,
Far off in the dingle below.

Yes! this is the end of the day,
The lambs are asleep in the dew;
So Arthur must leave off his play,
And go to his little bed, too.

The cot is all ready, you see—
The pillow so soft, and so white;
So a hymn, and two kisses for me,
And then, little Arthur, good-night!

AN EXAMPLE TO CHILDREN.

I love the little violets,
So humble and so meek;
They hide themselves beneath their leaves,
Nor admiration seek.

And though they are retiring, They lovely fragrance shed, Not only while their flowerets bloom, But after they are dead.

Oh, we should live as these sweet flowers.
While yet we walk on earth,
That when we pass to other worlds,
Some still may feel our worth.

I care not for those wondrous deeds
That make so great a sound;
Be mine those little acts of love
That shed a fragrance round.

LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

There's not a yellow butter-cup Returning with the spring, But it can boast a golden crown, As bright as any king.

The red rose and the lily fair,
That charm our summer's day—
There's not a lady in the land
So finely dressed as they.

They feel no proud, no foolish thoughts
Because they are so fair;
They wish for nothing, quite content
With sunshine and sweet air.

God gave to them their colors bright; To us, Faith, Hope, and Love, And bade us leave the things of earth, And seek the things above.

THE BOY AND THE ROBIN.

REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

So now, pretty robin, you've come to my door, I wonder you never have ventured before! 'Tis likely you thought I would do you some harm, But pray, sir, what cause could there be for alarm?

You seem to be timid—I'd like to know why— Did I ever hurt you? what makes you so shy? You shrewd little rogue, I've a mind, ere you go, To tell you a thing it concerns you to know.

You think I have never discovered your nest; 'Tis hid pretty snugly—that must be confessed; Ha, ha! how the boughs are entwined all around, No wonder you thought it would never be found.

You're as cunning a rogue as ever I knew; And yet—ha! ha! I'm as cunning as you! I know all about your nice home on the tree— 'Twas nonsense to try and conceal it from me.

Go home, where your mate and your little ones dwell; Though I know where they are, yet I never will tell; Nobody shall injure the leaf-covered nest, For sacred to me is the place of your rest.

Adieu! for you want to be flying away,
And it would be too cruel to ask you to stay!
But come in the morning—come early, and sing,
You shall see what I'll give you, sweet warbler of spring!

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book,

The children are the leaves,

The parents are the cover, that

Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Love and kindness we may measure, By this simple rule alone; Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure, Just as if it were our own?

Let us try to care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
We should all be friends and brothers,
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light;
A gentleman of good account,
In Norfolk lived of late;
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate!

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help then he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind;

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mold.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,

Their uncle should possess their wealth, For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here.
To God and you I do commend
My children, night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have,
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"Oh, brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
She kissed her children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear,"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes;
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvementh and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed,
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto, So here they fell at strife; With one another they did fight,
About the children's life;
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake with fear.

He took the children by the hand
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain;
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And, when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin-redbreast, painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God Upon their uncle fell; Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house, His conscience felt a hell. His barns were fired, his goods consumed, His lands were barren made; His cattle died within the field, And nothing with him staid.

And in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now, at length, this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will;
And did confess the very truth,
The which is here expressed!
Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke;
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right!
Lest God with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

IT SNOWS.

MRS. HANNAH F. GOULD.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky, The feathered flakes, how fast they fly! Like little birds that don't know why They're on the chase, from place to place, While neither can the other trace. It snows! it snows! a merry play Is o'er us on this heavy day.

They're dancers in an airy hall,
That hasn't room to hold them all;
While some keep up and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it, as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls.
At length a mighty wing unfurls!
And then, away! but where none knows.
Or ever will—it snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done; Then, out will come the golden sun; And we shall see, upon the run, Before his beams, in sparkling streams, What now a curtain o'er him seems. And thus with life, it ever goes; 'Tis shade and shine! It snows! it snows

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

ELIZA COOK.

The noontide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard,
And close is our work with the wain and the fork

And close is our work with the wain and the fork,
And but poor is our daily reward.

But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark, That skims whistling away overhead;

Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark, And there's peace with a meal of brown bread.

We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sod, Far away from the city's dull gloom,

And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be, Than the pale faces over the loom.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack, Climbing up to the sun wide and high—

For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers, And the beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs, And lend us your presence a while;

Your garments will gather no stain from the burrs, And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.

Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet Than the pile of your velveted floor,

And the scent of our greensward is surely as sweet As the perfume of Araby's shore.

Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field, Where freshness and health may be found,

Where the windows are spread for the butterfly's bed, And the clover-bloom falleth around. "Hold fast!" cries the wagoner, loudly and quick;
And then comes the hearty "Gee, wo!"
While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
Till the tiniest one, quite outspent by the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep-dog asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the hay-cock's fair crown,
At the close of our laboring day,
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man!
Now tell me the reason, I pray!"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I might never need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray!"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried, "And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray!"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied;
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And He has not forgotten my age!"

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

A Midsummer Legend.

MARY HOWITT.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,

'I heard the drops of the water made, And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother; And listen, mother of mine; A hundred fairies danced last night, And the harpers they were nine.

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To the dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking,
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were their words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water, And rolled it down the hill; 'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn The poor old miller's mill.

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the milldam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes!"

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill.

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go Away from every horn; And they shall clear the mildew dark From the blind old widow's corn. "'Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong!'

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"' 'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin,
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth, And I want to spin another; A little sheet for Mary's bed, And an apron for her mother,'

"With that I could not help but laugh, And I laughed out loud and free; And then on the top of the Caldon Low, There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones,
That round about me lay.

"But coming down from the hill top
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field, And, sure enough, were seen The yellow ears of the mildewed corn, All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother, And all that I did see; So, prithee, make my bed, mother, For I'm tired as I can be."

THE FAIRY WOMAN.

The last night of the gray Old Year
Was wearing fast away,
The New Year sullenly stood near—
Rude sire and son were they.

The Old Year raved with moan and shout,
And rocked his snowy head,
And tossed his bare, lean arms about,
While bitter tears he shed.

His big tears gathered on my fire,
And plashed against my pane—
Ah! thankless son! Ah, wrathful sire!
No love between ye twain.

Ay, I remember well, I sat
Before my fire alone—
I see the fire as plain as that,
Though twenty years are gone!

'Twas in a wooden hut upon
The green banks of the Wye,
With sedges thatched; and there alone,
In musings wrapped, sat I.

For then I had nor rick nor field,
Sheep had I not nor cow;
The river was the farm I tilled
The ferryboat my plow.

Thus musing sat I. Hark, a tap— Ere I could reach the door, Again, another, rap on rap, Each louder than before.

I raised the latch; with boisterous shout
The rude wind past me swept;
Upon the darkness I looked out,
And into it I stepped.

And looked around; then I could see Between me and the light— The black behind and over me As I stood in the night.

A woman shivering in the cold; Beneath the caves she stood, Grief-laden, weary, faded, old, In battered cloak and hood.

She pointed to the rushing Wye, White flooded by the rain—Like to a steed it galloped by, The foam upon its mane.

And said "Good boatman take me o'er;
The Old Year dieth fast,
And I must reach the farther shore
Before his hour be past.

"I may not brave the river's ire,"
Quoth I, "on such a night;
Come, shelter take beside that fire,
And wait till morning light."

Then she, with sharp and eager cry—
"Now, now! Take double fare;
Haste, ere the moments pass, that lie
Between me and despair!"

"No, not for fare a hundred fold Go I till morning light; I will not tempted be for gold To lift an oar to-night."

Said she, sad-voiced, as one might speak
Whose latest hope was gone,
And who had nothing more to seek
On earth—"Gold have I none,

"A silver coin, one single coin,
Have I, and nothing more,
In this small purse, and both were thine
To row me to yon shore."

Quoth I, much moved, "The stream is strong,
The gusty wind is high,
And sweeps the blinding rain along—
'Twere risk of life to try."

Cried she with vehemence, "Life! life! Dost hold it then so dear? Wouldst guard thy little span of strife At such a price as Fear?

"And what risk I? Look here! Look, look!"
She screamed in accents wild,
And from her breast an infant took—
"A mother risks her child!

Wilt take me o'er?" No word I spoke, I led her to the boat; The flashing oars bent to my stroke As wave on wave I smote.

We reached the bank, the boat swung round,
I set her on the land;
And turning to my oar I found
Her purse beside my hand!

"That I deprived you of your mite Shall ne'er be said of me; I risk not life for hire to-night, But all for Charity."

Into her lap the purse I flung—
A strong push from the shore—
The village bell loud clanging rung;
The Old Year was no more.

Mid-channel I had gained—What lies
Beside me on the seat?
The purse! May I believe my eyes?
I half rose to my feet.

Thought I, I saw it reach her lap!
'Bout ship! (my oars I ply,)
I shall return it, be my hap
To sleep beneath the Wye!

Between the river and the sky,
The open common lay,
And there her form I could descry—
She journeyed on her way.

I reached her side. "A boon to me! Take back your purse and mite; I work for kindly Charity, And not for hire to-night." She held her hand—it shone like snow At sunrise, rosy-white! Then hand and purse she drew below Her cloak, out of my sight.

But I thought as I stood, that her cloak and hood As the mountain ash were green; And among their folds, like marigolds, The links of her hair lay sheen.

And her eyes were bright as is the light
Of the glowworm in the grass;
And her breath came sweet as the airs that greet
The wild thyme where they pass.

I reach my boat—I grasp my oar—
Aslant up stream I steer—
Give way with will! Give way! The shore
At every stroke I near.

I shipped my oars—rose to my feet— Prepared to leap to land— When lo! again upon the seat The purse, beside my hand!

Then, dear ones all, then did I know
That she, who in her need
Had urged me with such words of woe
A fairy was indeed.

But what her grief or what her fear, Or why she needs must go Across the Wye, ere died the year, Naught did I ever know.

But from that time I've gathered wealth, Scarce knowing whence it came; And, rarest boon on earth, sweet health Have all who bear my name. And nightly in the purse there lies
A coin—the double fare—
A little silver coin, it is—
Ay, Blue-eyes—you may stare!

But it is true, all true! I have
Them in this hand of mine;
Behold the purse the fairy gave,
And this night's silver coin!

TO AN INSECT.

I love to hear thine earnest voice, wherever thou are hid, Thou testy little dogmatist—thou pretty Katydid! Thou mindest me of gentle folks—old gentlefolks are they. Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid! I know it by the thrill That quivers through thy piercing notes, so petulant and shrill;

I think there is a knot of you beneath the hollow tree, A knot of spinster Katydids—do Katydids drink tea?

Dear me! I'll tell you all about my fuss with little Jane, And Ann, with whom I used to walk so often down the lane;

And all that tore their locks of black, or wet their eyes of blue-

Pray, tell me, sweetest Katydid, say, what did Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash, that stood for ages still;

The rock shall rend its mossy base, and thunder down the hill,

Before the little Katydid shall add one word to tell

The mystic story of the maid whose name she knows so
well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race! and when the latest one

Shall fold in death her feeble wings beneath the autumn sun;

Then shall she raise her fainting voice, and lift her drooping lid,

And then the child of future years shall hear what Katy did!

CLOSE OF THE DAY.

Golden is the light of evening,
Soon will set the autumn sun;
O'er the fields the lengthening shadows
Show the day is nearly done.

Rich laden from the corn-fields,
Homeward see the reapers wend;
Where, from cottage chimneys, smoke wreaths
With the distant landscape blend.

Little children run to meet them, Laughing, shouting, with delight; And the eldest brings the baby, Welcome to its father's sight.

Happy now the dear home circle, Sweet the simple evening meal; And for God's o'erflowing mercies Joy and thankfulness they feel.

THE COW AND THE ASS.

MISS TAYLOR.

Hard by a green meadow's stream used to flow, So clear, one might see the white pebbles below; To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray, To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun, Came here to refresh, as she often had done; And standing stock-still, leaning over the stream, Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass;
"How d'ye do?" said the cow, "how d'ye do?" said the
ass.

"Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand,

"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand;"

Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,

"Ma'am, your health," said the ass—"thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past, They laid themselves down on the herbage at last; And waiting, politely, as gentlemen must, The ass held his tongue that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began, "Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man!" "Tis a subject that lies with a weight on my mind; We certainly are much oppressed by mankind."

"Now what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call;
Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard)
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please, And give them my milk to make butter and cheese; I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail, Or give Suke a box on the ears with my tail.

"But, ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach—"
"Oh, dear, I beg pardon—pray, finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," said the swain,
"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only about to observe, I'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I'll serve; But leave them forever to do as they please, And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done, And then, "not presuming to teach," he begun, "With submission, dear madam, to your better wit, I own I'm not quite convinced of it yet.

"That you're of great service to them, is quite true, But surely they are of some service to you; "Tis their nice green meadow, in which you regale, They feed you in winter, when grass and weeds fail.

"Tis under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear madam, you perhaps might be froze.
For my own part, I know I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The cow, upon this, cast her eye on the grass, Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass; "Yet," thought she, "I'm determined I'll benefit by't, For I really believe that the fellow is right."

CHOOSING A NAME.

MARY LAMB.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside,
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.

None that I have named as yet Are as good as Margaret. Emily is neat and fine; What do you think of Caroline? How I'm puzzled and perplexed What to choose or think of next! I am in a little fever, Lest the name that I should give her, Should disgrace her or defame her— I will leave papa to name her.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you there shall find To human view displayed, All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the scraph, and forthwith Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

JACK FROST.

MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

One winter night,
A saucy wight '
Came whistling at my door;
I heard him say—
"Admit, I pray,
This stranger cold and poor."

Said I, "Retire;
My scanty fire
Is sinking in the grate;
You see, my dear,
The case is clear,
That you have come too late!"

"Oh, dear!" said he,
"Some charity

I beg you to bestow;
Peep out and see
Me bow my knee
Upon the drifted snow."

"Whence did you come?
Where is your home?
Just hear the north wind shout!
Don't stop to bow,
But tell me now
Does mother know you're out?"

"No," he replies;
"In strange disguise
I passed along the moor;

The keen wind blows—
Then do not close
Your door against the poor!"

His plaintive moan
My pity won,
And so I turned the key;
The door flung wide,
I quaking cried,
"The stranger—where is he?"

I felt a grip
On hand and lip,
But saw no human form;
Was it a kiss?
Then love like this
Is not exceeding warm.

I called again,
But called in vain;
I saw no stranger there!
No scrip or staff,
But heard a laugh
Upon the stinging air.

"The case is clear,
My little dear,"
The merry laugher said;
"That you have froze
Your pretty nose,
And 'd better go to bed!

"But learn this truth
In early youth,
Nor be the lesson lost;
You never must
A moment trust
That saucy rogue—Jack Frost."

LITTLE BENNY.

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty custard,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,

With a generous look that shamed me, Sprang he from the carpet bright, Showing by his mien indignant, All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher,
In a brave, clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf:
"Santa Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bess fader, God bess moder,

God bess sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured: "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was buzzing by, And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why You are loved so much better by people than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold, And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold; Yet, nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true; But if I were half as much mischief to do, Indeed, they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing, They own you are handsome; but there is one thing They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is homely and plain, as you see, Yet nobody ever is angry with me, Because I'm an humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware; Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are, They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair!

LITTLE BELL.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast."—Coleridge.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray—
"Pretty maid, slowly wandering this way,
What is your name?" quoth he,
"What's your name? Oh, stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid, with showering curls of gold?"

"Little Bell," said she.

Little Beil sat down beneath the rocks— Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks; "Bonny bird!" quoth she, "Sing me your best song before I go." "Here's the very finest song I know, Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped—you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quibs and wiles;
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out, freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies;
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and glow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade And from out the tree Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear; While bold blackbird piped that all might hear, "Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern;
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
"Up, away!" the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes;
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap drop, one by one.
Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade; "Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade, Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel, eager for his fare;

Down came bonny blackbird, I declare,

Little Bell gave each his honest share—

Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies;
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and glow,
And shine out, in happy overflow,
From her blue bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day, Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray; Very calm and clear Rose the praying voice to where, unseen In blue heaven, an angel shape serene, Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this?" the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed,
Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard-croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell for thee."

THE FORTUNES.

From Heine.

H. K. D.

Good Fortune is a fickle fair,
From place to place she loves to stray;
Back from your brow she sweeps the hair,
Kisses you quick and springs away.

But Dame Misfortune, sad and slow, Comes to your house and down she sits; She says she's in no haste to go, She stays beside your bed, and knits.

THE FLAG OF THE SKY.

Willie stood at the window,
Little Willie of five years old,
Watching the rainbow colors,
As they fade in the sunset's gold.

Red pennants and streamers of fire,
On the blue expanse unfurl,
And over the red the white clouds lie,
Like floating mists of pearl.

"Isn't it beautiful, mamma?"

And the dark eyes grow so bright,
They almost seem to catch the glow
Of the sky's wild glory light.

"See, there is the red, mamma,
And there is the beautiful blue;
Did God make the beautiful red,
And did he make the white clouds, too?

"And away up, up in the sky, Is such a little bright star; Why, God is for the Union, Isn't He, mamma?"

THE END.

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